To Stay Is To Communicate

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To Stay Is To Communicate

by Flustered

Summary

"When Tommy showed up after exile, Techno was straight up fucking hostile. It's a good thing Tommy showed up in relatively good health with his walls straight up. Otherwise, Techno's anger could have somehow hurt him even more.
After Dream turned Logstedshire to ruin, Tommy ran. But first he built a pole high up in the skies. He almost jumped. But he realized what a colossal prick Dream was. So he fell into the water and he set out on a mission to escape.

Going through the snow would have been suicidal, so Tommy just barely fended for himself in the woods. Then, he stumbled on a cabin. There, a witch took him in and fixed him up. It was temporary, and Tommy needed to find somewhere safe. Tentatively hopeful, he set out to Techno's cabin.

Techno was not as eager to see him."

-[To leave you is to die sooner, chapter 3] by ChocolatesLovechild
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.
Instead of getting helped by a witch, Tommy went north to his brother.

The story changes

Notes

DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUUHH

I've jumped onto the bandwagon for making a au of this series. Tbh its hard not to when its such a great fic! Coffee is a great author and a wonderful friend.

See the end of the work for more notes

So it turns out that going into a snowy biome with wet clothes after trying to commit suicide wasn't the smartest idea. His angst arc was over, Tommy was firmly over Dream and his shitty manipulations that made him feel like dirt. That was two hours ago, and he was a strong, independent man, who needed to find shelter before he completely froze to death.

He could just imagine the reactions when the communicators all beeped [TommyInnit froze to death.]

After his close call with the cobblestone pillar, Tommy wasn't certain if he would respawn after this.

Tommy had to keep moving. Dream once mentioned that Techno lived in the area. Of course, the 'area' was an entire tundra biome. And Tommy wasn't sure if he was going in the right direction or not. He could be missing Techno's cabin entirely.

No, no Tommy couldn't think those thoughts. The despair that was threatening him was barely kept back, and Tommy couldn't survive if he had a panic attack right now. He had to keep going. He had to hope that he was close.

His pants, ripped from his long stay in Logstedshire, were crusty and unyielding as he moved forwards. Fuck his jeans. They bunched around his knees, pinching the torn up and bloodied skin there. His fall wasn't a gentle one, and even though Tommy had hit the water to soften the blow, the sandy bottom of the beach wasn't as nice. It scraped the skin up his entire arms, leaving sand and salt water to sting at the wounds. The only thing keeping him from turning back (although, there was *nothing to go back to*, Dream blew everything up) was Wilburs coat that he tugged on.

Tommy shivered, pulling the coat tighter. Hugging himself to keep himself as warm as he stumbled through the snow. A puff of white fog exited Tommy's mouth, and something caught his eye. The sun was falling down, and the blue shadows began to fall over the tundra. But flickering orange light in the distance caught Tommy's attention, and he let out a breathless choking laugh.

He did it!

With renewed energy, Tommy slid and jerked his way over the tundra. The house was a fair distance away, but Tommy blinked twice and suddenly he was *there.* The quaint cottage wasn't something Tommy would have thought Techno would build, but he didn't care. His older brother was *there.*

Tommy stumbled up the poarch, nearly tripping onto his face. His knees had given up letting him bend them. But he didn't *care* because Techno was here. It was just after Tommy slammed his knuckles into the wood of the front door, splitting the frozen and dried skin there, that doubt hit him.

Would Techno be happy to see Tommy again?

Dream had said that Techno ripped up all of his letters. To the point where Dream refused to deliver them anymore. "It would be a wasted trip, Tommy." Dream said, shaking his head. "Drop it. *Don't* ask me again."

No, no! It couldn't be true. Dream said a lot of things and they were all fake. Only meant to make Tommy doubt himself and to become his puppet. There would be no way that Techno hated him.

(Tommy betrayed him. Him and Wilbur used Techno to try and take over L'Manburg again. He had seen the hurt in Techno's eyes as he set the withers on the city. The pain and anguish that his brothers had used him.)

Should… should Tommy leave?

He slid one frozen foot back before the door opened. Warmth hit Tommy like a bat to the face, and he could only stare up at Techno. His brother… looked good. Better than the last time Tommy had seen him. His hair had gotten a bit longer, and it was pulled up in a half braid.

There was a long minute where neither of them spoke.

Then something hard crossed Techno's face, and he leaned up against the doorframe while crossing his arms. "Well, look who came crawling back. Looks like I was right afterall."

He was angry. *Angry.*

Shit. This *was* a bad idea.

Before Tommy could stumble away to lick his wounds, Techno grabbed the collar of his coat and pulled him in harshly into the house. The heat inside made Tommy's head spin. Techno kept pulling him, faster than Tommy's knees could keep up. Past the living room, up the stairs, and Techno slammed opened a door and threw him in.

Fuck, Tommy hadn't seen him this mad since… since *ever.*

The door was slammed behind Tommy. Leaving him in a nearly empty room, sans a bed. Tommy laid on the ground from where Techno left him, shivering as the snow and ice that clung to his clothes melted. Staring at nothing.

Dream had been right.

Techno *did* hate him.

If Dream had been correct, then what else had Dream been saying that was true?

Tommy couldn't do anything right. He didn't want to dirty Techno's bed, he was nasty and dirty with all of the salt water and grime on him. So he stayed on the floor- and when Techno

walked in he *snarled*. It woke Tommy up, disoriented and scared, and then Techno was grabbing him and pulling him.

"I am not going to put up with this." Techno shoved Tommy down into the kitchen. "Eat."

Tommy stumbled, nearly falling onto the table. There was a plate full of eggs and toast, and it was more food than Tommy got in a *week*.

Tommy did what Techno told him to do. He ate. It was so good it brought tears to Tommy's eyes. He hadn't had a hot meal in *ages*. Tommy shoveled the food in as fast as he could, and then immediately regretted it. He had barely touched it and he was so full. A hand clasped over his mouth to prevent himself from vomiting.

That was the wrong move. Techno gave him a deadly glare and slammed the pots and pans around in the kitchen. When it came apparent that Tommy couldn't eat anymore, he sent Tommy into the living room to get him out of his sight.

Tommy didn't know what he was doing *wrong*.

He wanted to be good. He wanted to make Techno happy. Tommy was desperate to cool Techno's anger. Tommy never had it directed at him before, and it made him shake. Tommy was Techno's. He would do anything to make him look at Tommy with anything but rage.

He could be good. Dream had been telling him how to be better. It hurt to sit still and to be quiet, but Tommy would do *anything* for Techno. He curled up on the corner of the couch and shivered.

It was the wrong move.

Techno took one look at him and left. The door banged shut with the force of his strength. And Tommy flinched. The sound nearly sent him into a flashback.

The next few days weren't better either. Tommy could barely eat, and every time Techno was offended that Tommy was wasting food. He finally was able to huddle in Techno's bathroom and wrap up his knees and arms with bandages, and Techno rolled his eyes and said, "now you're going to pretend to be injured, huh? Nice try."

Tommy would stay in Techno's guest room if that also didn't offend his older brother as well. Everything he was doing was wrong. And it kept building, higher and higher. Every mistake was threatening to send Tommy into tears. He just wanted to be good. He wanted Techno to hold him and tell him everything was alright and it wasn't happening.

Maybe Dream was right.

Tommy stared down at the baked potato on his plate. Pushing it around with a fork. He was still full from lunch. And breakfast. He could feel the weight of Techno's stare getting heavier the longer Tommy played with his food.

"That's it." Techno dropped his utensils onto the table with a clatter. Tommy suppressed a flinch. "This needs to stop *now*."

This was the moment Tommy had been waiting for. Techno was going to throw him out and-

"This tantrum is going to stop, Theseus." Prime, Techno was *mad*. "You are going to eat. You are going to take care of yourself. Stop pretending that you're hurt. Your little plan isn't going to work."

Tommy couldn't say anything. He stared down at the plate.

Techno stood up suddenly, his chair crashing back and hitting the ground with a bang. Looming over Tommy, as he slammed a hand down on the table. "Dammit Tommy, say something."

Tommy jolted back, scrambling to get away from *Dream. The pit was still smoldering with Tommy's items. "Come on, Tommy. You know better by now." Dream was leaning over him with his hands on his knees. "If I catch you with another piece of armor, I will throw you into the next hole I dig. Okay?" A gloved finger came up and wiped away Tommy's tears. "Now what do you say?"*

"Thank you." Tommy shuddered, half of him wanting to lean into the kind touch while the other half screamed at him to get away.

"There's my best friend." Dream said with a smile. "Now, come on. What were you going to show me again?"

There was a hot hand cupping the back of Tommy's neck. Through the tears Tommy could barely see the ceiling of Techno's kitchen. Pink hair stuck to his face. "-breathe for me, Theseus. Breathe in and count to four-"

Techno was hugging him. It was the one thing Tommy had wanted the entire time, and yet it made his skin crawl.

Anger began to bubble up inside of Tommy. How dare he? How dare Techno look at Tommy and accuse him of being fake? When all Tommy wanted was to be good. "Fuck you." Tommy croaked, struggling to get out of Techno's arms. He pushed himself up and onto his feet. "Fuck you!"

"Tommy-" Techno reached over to grab him again, and Tommy smacked his hands away.

"Fuck you!" It was the only thing Tommy could think to say. "Prime, I shouldn't have come here." The realization that coming here was a mistake nearly broke Tommy all over again. He should have *listened* to Dream. He should have known that Techno hated him, and here he was, being stupid and shitty. "Less than five percent." The words were bitter in Tommy's mouth.

"Five percent?"

"The odds of Techno ever loving you again are less than five percent, Tommy." Dream sympathetically said. "Don't pin your hopes on it happening."

"Whatever." Tommy clenched his hands. The scabs on his knuckles reopened. "I'm sorry I bothered you, it won't happen again." And he turned to go to the door.

"No." Techno was in his way. Staring down at Tommy with an unreadable expression. "You don't get to come in here and leave when things don't go your way, Tommy."

"You're not the boss of me!" Because it was true. Tommy wasn't Techno's anymore. Hell, they weren't even brothers since Phil disowned him. Just two strangers, staring at each other.

Techno's red eyes narrowed, "I think you'll find that I am, Tommy. You may be trying to push us away but you will always come crawling back."

That was true too. Tommy could easily see himself succumbing to the loneliness and begging Phil and Techno to reconsider. But the thought of that only made Tommy angrier. "Fuck you Technoblade. You're the one who abandoned *me.*" Tommy leaned in and jabbed at Techno's chest with rage.

"Me?" Techno narrowed his eyes, smacking Tommy's hand away. "You're the one who ignored my letters-"

"Don't even get me started on the fucking letters, Techno!" Tommy yelled, "I begged you to come and visit and you ripped them up! I asked you every time-!"

"I didn't- you ripped them!"

"I just *wanted my brother!"* Tommy exploded. His voice was raw as he screamed, "was it too much to ask that you visit me when I was lonely and hurt? I waited for you to come every day and you never did! All I ever wanted was you!" And to his surprise, Tommy found himself crying. "All I ever wanted was my big brother." He sobbed, his knees giving up and he collapsed onto the floor.

"And you *never came."*

It was embarrassing. Tommy was crying like a fucking baby. Techno was going to make fun of him and boot him out into the snow. He covered his face with his hands, muffling the sobs. His tattered and destroyed pride demanded it.

Silence. Absolute silence. Tommy didn't want to look at Techno. He didn't want to see the disgust and revolution in his eyes. Tommy just needed to stop crying and leave, before Techno hurt him even more.

Maybe… Tommy should just go back to Logstedshire.

At least he knew what was going to happen there.

Big warm hands gently grabbed Tommy's wrists and pulled his hands down. Tommy didn't fight it. Bracing for the harsh words. The last thing Tommy expected was Techno pulling him into his arms, and whispering, "I'm so sorry, runt."

A wave of fresh new tears spilled out, and Tommy buried his face into the fluff on Techno's cape. This was some sick dream. Techno would push him away in a few minutes and force Tommy to leave. And yet Tommy couldn't stop himself from clawing his way into Techno's arm. Just one more minute. Just *one more*.

"It's okay Theseus. I'm not going to leave. I'm staying right here." Techno said quietly, his fingers carding through Tommy's tangled blonde hair. Gently tugging at the knots and pulling it free. "I'm not going to let you go."

Lies.

It was all lies.

But Tommy wanted to believe it with everything he had.

Life wasn't fair. He didn't get to have these things anymore. But he couldn't stop himself from clinging to Techno. Even when his tears finally dried up and he was half asleep, his eyes were burning from crying too much and dehydrated. And Techno let him. Prime, Tommy was so selfish. Forcing Techno into a hug for so long.

"I'm sorry," Tommy mumbled into Techno's cape.

"I should be the one saying that, runt." Techno said softly. He pulled back, and Tommy felt a flash of panic. But then one of Techno's hands cupped his jaw, and Tommy leaned into it. Pressing his face into the soft warmth. "I've been so unfair to you. I shouldn't have been taking my anger out on you."

"It's okay." Tommy looked away.

"It's not okay." Techno replied with a shudder, "I thought you were purposefully trying to rile me up. And I should have seen that you weren't okay. I'm sorry, Theseus." And he pressed a kiss to Tommy's forehead. "I thought you didn't want anything to do with me anymore. With *us*. And I took it out on you."

It was too soft. Too perfect. And Tommy sniffled. He was too vulnerable. One word, it could take one word from Techno to shatter him into pieces. But Tommy found that he didn't mind it. Not if Techno was holding him so gently.

"I tried." Tommy offered, "I tried to contact you. But…" they never responded.

"So did we." Techno replied, and it was suddenly like a weight off his chest.

"Really?" Tommy's voice was so small, and yet so hopeful.

"Yeah." Techno said, "we sent you so many messages. Then Dream told us your com was destroyed, so we tried to give you letters."

"Oh." Tommy blinked, trying to piece it together. "Dream always returned my letters. He said that I should stop sending them after Phil disowned me."

Techno's soft grip suddenly tightened. Pulling Tommy closer to him. "He said *what?"* His voice was low and full of rage.

"I know, I didn't expect it either." Tommy stared down at his hands, "it kinda fucking sucked. Zero out of ten would not recommend it."

"No, *no,* Tommy. Phil would never- he- that was a lie." Techno's voice broke, "he never disowned you. You're *ours.* We would never leave you."

Tommy wanted to believe it. He really did. The false hope was bubbling up inside of him. "But it happened. And you did." He couldn't meet Techno's eyes. He didn't want to see the dishonesty there.

"I'm going to *kill him.*" Techno seethed, and Tommy shrank away. Techno didn't let him, instead pulling Tommy onto his lap. He let out a low rumble, and Tommy melted into his grasp. "I'm going to kill Dream. Rip him to pieces. How *dare* he? Trying to steal my runt away from me."

"It's not- he didn't-"

"Don't even think about defending him, Tommy." Techno growled, "he made you doubt us. Doubt our *vows*. What would you do if he made Wilbur, or Phil, think the same thing?"

Tommy would rip his throat out. With his teeth.

"But- but he said he was my *friend.*"

"I don't fucking care."

It was the final blow of the hammer. Techno was running his hands through Tommy's hair. Gently rocking back and forth, "I don't care. He hurt you. He *tried to take you away.* Not only from me, but from all of us. You are ours, Tommy. From the second you agreed to the vows, you belonged to us. And you'll never leave."

It was everything Tommy wanted to hear.

"I'm going to take you to my den, and you are not going to move for the next week. My runt. Mine to protect. Mine to love. You are not going to leave this house, not without me. And when Phil gets here, he is going to mother hen you so much. He's going to make your favorite foods until you get sick of them. And we are going to keep you in our den and nest until it sticks in your head that you are *loved*."

Tommy was crying. *Again.* But it wasn't of sadness this time. He pressed his face into Techno's cape again. Holding onto Techno as hard as he could. He didn't want to leave either. He had been so lonely in exile. This felt like a dream come true.

Techno rocked him until he stopped shaking. Tommy finally calmed down. Realizing that they were just sitting on the floor in front of the door. Neither of them had moved since they collapsed into each other's arms. Tommy was exhausted and so tired that he found himself almost giddy. "We are a mess." Tommy laughed softly.

"I'm never talking about my emotions ever again." Techno mumbled into Tommy's hair.

"Same."

"Phil is going to be so proud of us. Actually communicating with each other? Impossible."

"I know." Tommy laughed, "this never happens without Phil holding our hands."

"Or worse, pinning us down until we talked."

"That was you and Wilbur." Tommy reminisced fondly. "Phil called me the good child because I didn't run away when he got tired of us arguing. He was too scary."

"Prime, Phil's glare could kill a man."

Tommy tapped on Techno's shoulder, "could we get up now? My legs are killing me."

Techno pulled away from their embrace with a sharp breath. His eyes landed on Tommy's bandaged legs. Tommy watched as his eyes dilated with dawning horror, "oh shit, you're *injured."*

End Notes

This is a oneshot I typed up about a month or two ago. I just slapped it on here without really looking at it so its unbeta'd.

I was reading Coffees fic and I got slapped with the inspiration stick. What if Tommy went to Techno's injured and frightened? And this happened, haha.

My friend, Bitsinboots, author of Secret of Being Colorful and I have made a discord (MULTIFANDOM NOW as of April 2024) server together. It is a 15+ age server. And it's a dictatorship. But if you'd like to come hang out with us, feel free. Here is the discord link.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!